The Sketch
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PORTRAIT OF A LOVELY ACTRESS AND OUR YOUNGEST M.P.

Believe it or not, this farmyard picture portrays FRANCES DAY *(The Bull) and Kettering's M.P.,* CAPTAIN JOHN PROFUMO *(The Cow), in "Ferdinand," a sketch from the witty "Night and Day" revue at the Cambridge Arts Theatre. Jack Profumo produced and Frances Day supervised the production and staging of this joint Army-R.A.F. show; both starred in it. Other more revealing photographs will be found on another page.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

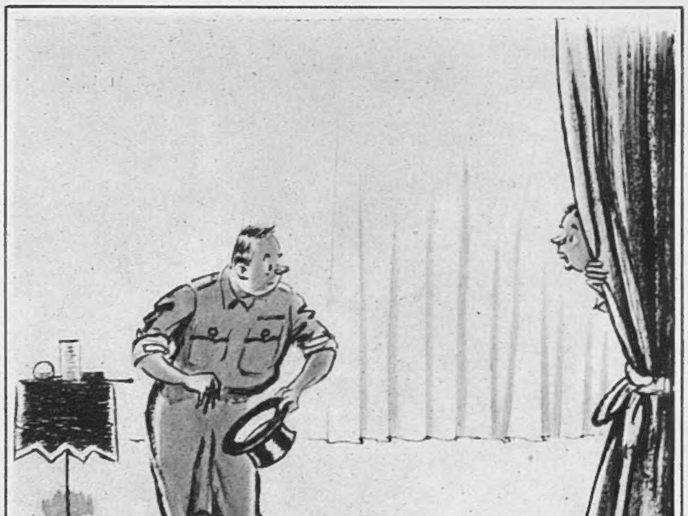
Give It a Name. You would hardly think that journalists would be hard up for copy nowadays, but one is driven to that conclusion when they fill columns of print with a competition for "naming the war." Everybody has made a contribution, from Mr. Smith of Suburbia to Mr. Bernard Shaw and President Roosevelt himself. I do not propose to toy with all the attractive suggestions, but I notice one thing about them—nobody has tried to revive the old title, "the Great War." This is surprising, because, up to the present time, all wars have been Great. Once upon a time a brilliant historian named Thucydides began his description of a minor conflict between two small tribes in Greece by saying that it was undoubtedly the greatest war in history. Two thousand years later people were calling a guerilla campaign in South Africa "the Great Boer War." Then came what we thought was the greatest war of all time; but how wrong we were. And now we are chary about this adjective, not seeing any limits to it. For myself, I see no difficulty about the proper description of this war. All wars shed blood. Popular speech has found an epithet (as it did last time) which adequately expresses that aspect of "the present emergency." It may not be suitable for bishops and statesmen and the golden-tongued B.B.C., but it is good enough for some of us.

"Of course, I can see they'll save an enormous amount of material now they're going to make our skirts shorter!" (DRAWN BY SILENUS.)

Greenery-Yallery. I advocate this descriptive, accurate and satisfying epithet with all the more conviction because it seems to me that the war has now taken a very serious turn. The other day I was in a Government office and saw something which blasted my vision and sent me reeling into Whitehall. They were tying up documents with *green tape.* When I found my voice and asked why, they told me that all the red tape had run out. I was not entirely surprised at that, but I was shocked at the violent change of colour-scheme. The sudden introduction of green tape into our administration is a blow at the very heart of our constitution and will have the most disturbing effect on official mentality. The sensations of any well-trained Civil Servant, in these painful circumstances, will be comparable only to those of the well-known chameleon which was placed on a piece of tartan. How we can expect to win the war on green tape I do not understand—and yet, while all sorts of trivial questions are being fired at Ministers every day in Parliament, not a single Member, so far as I have heard, has addressed a question to the Prime Minister on this vital issue.

Up to Standard. No, a silent constitutional crisis of this kind passes unnoticed, while Ministers fix their attention on sordid details like our daily bread. We are wasting it, says Lord Woolton, recklessly casting it upon the waters or the refuse-bin or the chickens, and if we don't look out, we shall be rationed for this as for so many other things. I don't know whether it was because I was brought up to believe (and I certainly did not lack reminders) that many a poor little hungry boy would be glad of the lovely, nourishing crust which I wantonly left on my plate, but I feel no temptation to waste standard bread, which I cordially approve. In slices, in toast or in rolls, it seems to me in every way superior to the whited-sepulchre variety. As I happen to like it, I naturally allow myself a virtuous indignation with those who do not like it and treat it carelessly. However, I hope my Lord Woolton will not add another complication to our ration-books, which are already becoming like jigsaw puzzles or football pools. I respectfully suggest to him that the proper penalty—however vindictive it may seem—for those who waste bread is that they should be made every day to eat bread pudding without eggs, sugar or currants. If that does not cure them they are clearly beyond human aid.

Gone with the Wind. This question of waste haunts our guilty consciences everywhere. Now that the price of tobacco has soared to such unimaginable heights (cigarettes now cost four times as much as when I first began to drive them into my coffin—and yet, poor, besotted wretch, I still go on hammering them)—now that this new horror faces us, I have been pondering very seriously on the widespread waste of tobacco. Think of the tons which are thrown away in fag-ends! A snobbish social convention frowns upon snapping up these unconsidered trifles; and the Irishman's solution of cutting half an inch off every cigar and cigarette does not seem to meet the case. Then consider all those little shreds of tobacco which you spill every time you fill a pipe. In the course of a misspent life, I suppose I have shed pounds of good tobacco on the floor, and if the Hoover could yield up all its treasures, there would be enough smoking mixture to keep me pickled in nicotine for the rest of my life. Can anybody suggest some method, inoffensive both to hygiene and to the Old School Tie, of saving all this Precious



"Buck up an' produce th' rabbit, chum—th' C.O.'s waiting for his dinner!" (DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.)

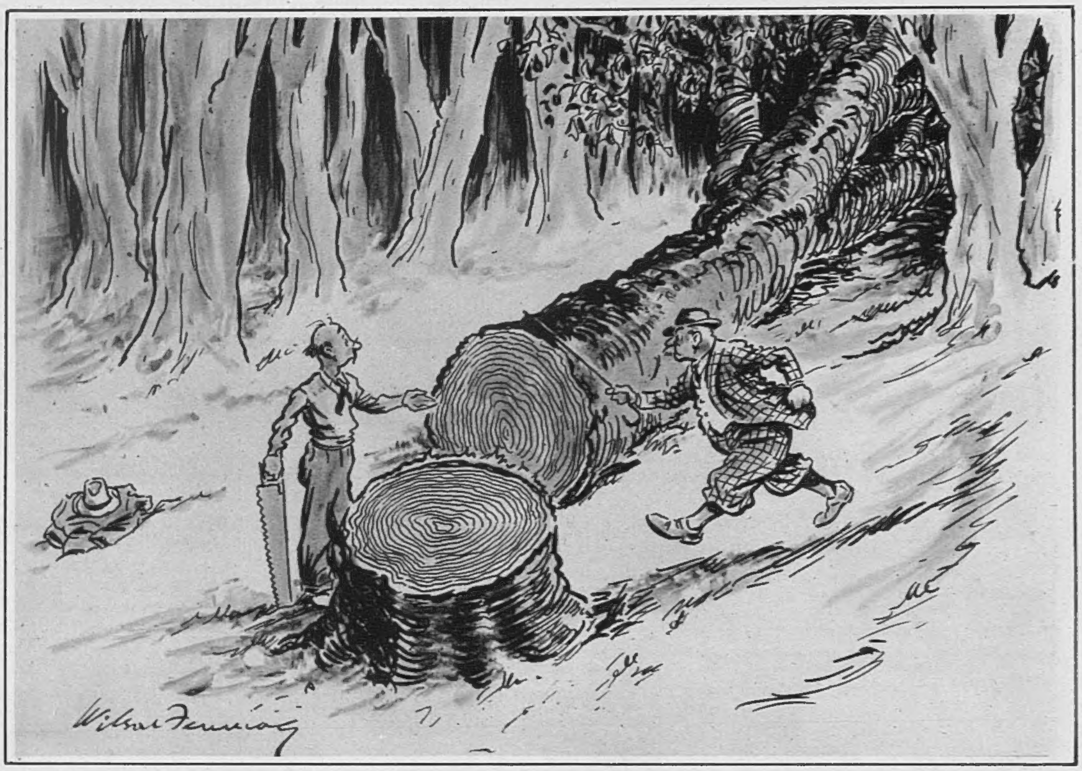
Bane? Not to mention all the paper that is wasted in the butt-ends. The only thing I can see for it is a Special Report or a Royal Commission—and there must surely be some unemployed Distinguished Publicist who could produce a Plan about it? Meanwhile, it saddens and baffles me.

Plain Jane. This seems to me to be a far more urgent problem than the survival or non-survival of the Eton top-hat or the Liberty Cut; but what about this War on Frills? I am apt to go wrong in my technical terms, but I understand that hems, borders, flounces and insertions of a purely ornamental or decorative kind—or what may be generically described as herbaceous borders—are now forbidden. What horticulturists describe as serrated edges are banished from the whole garden of feminine vanity—that garden, it is said, whence, from the beginning of time, many of our troubles have been derived. No longer will it be possible, in the words of the poet, to greet the unseen with a cheer. The male of the species, whose Unseens have always been designed upon principles of strict utility, with margins of security rather than of adornment, is unable to estimate the effect of this severe deprivation upon feminine psychology. To him, this ruthless clipping of edges is only one more step in the grim process of the approximation of the sexes. Yet it is safe to predict that the ban will not be perpetual. Unless I am greatly mistaken, with the return of peace the burgeoning of these herbaceous borders will be unprecedented. There are some instincts which it takes a great deal more than a war to kill. Putting on frills is one of them.

Ex Oriente Lux. Let all who are tempted to complain of these austerities take an example from their sisters of the Near East. There was a time when we were wont to think of Turkish women as languorous odalisques, in yashmaks, gaudy plus-fours and up-turned scarlet slippers, all in the best "Chu Chin Chow" style of production. But it seems that the New Woman of Turkey has become almost too new, and now a dread firman has gone forth that neither schoolgirls nor their mistresses shall wear silk stockings, high heels, waved hair, synthetic complexions, geranium lips or finger-nails ruddier than the cherry. It was not so in the days of good Haroun al Raschid!—but time marches on, and if the Gorgeous East can endure to be thus shorn of its glories, let no Englishwoman complain of stream-lined lingerie!

Grease Abounding.

And so our sacrifices go on. Let me not dwell excessively on the more gloomy aspects of them, but every now and then Cabinet Ministers say things which do strike a chill to the stoutest heart. One of the most depressing was recently uttered by Mr. Bevin. "We had better," he said, "all do our own washing-up." I *hope* the tone was advisory rather than minatory, but I am uneasy; somewhere in the Defence Regulations, I suspect, a power is vested in the Minister of Labour to "direct" all able-bodied persons to Compulsory Washing-up. If so, I am registering as a Conscientious Objector. I will pick oakum or make mail-bags for my country, if my country insists on it, but I beg to be excused from washing-up—an occupation which makes me never want to touch food again (not that I can expect Mr. Bevin to care about *that*). However, even out of this nettle some people can extract a flower; I see that an enterprising young woman of eighteen has invented a process of "degreasing" Army utensils. She expects to get four tons of fat a week for munitions from empty jars alone. I am not surprised. Until you wash-up, you do not realise how much grease the human constitution seems to absorb. If this public benefactor will first degrease my crockery, I will withdraw my objection to the Slavery of the Sink—but not before.



"I only want to see how old it is!"

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

"Unfortunately my length of film gave out at this point."

DRAWN BY PITTS.

Freud Outfreuded. Degreasing is only one of the new professions, not to mention the new economies, which this war is producing in bewildering profusion. Has it ever struck you that when you have admired those endearing little fluffy chickens, you have never had the least idea whether they were cocks or hens in the making—a question of no small importance in farming and grocery circles? Apparently, this was a mystery hidden from all humanity except a few Japanese experts, who jealously guarded their secret, and made handsome profits out of it. Now another enterprising young Englishwoman, aged twenty-five, has penetrated the veil, and can tell you at a glance whether a chirping ball of fluff is a sheikh or a vamp. She is "sexing" 4000 chicks a day! How far have we progressed from the Victorian Age in knowledge of the Facts of Life! Freud could never have done this! It only remains for some genius to unravel a scientific mystery which, in my experience, has so far baffled all the biologists, vets and fanciers—namely, the sex of kittens.

Waifs and Strays. Not all of us have our wits about us so alertly as these resourceful young women; indeed, one of the effects of the war seems to be to make us chronically absent-minded. So, at least, I gather from some recently published statistics about lost property. A quarter of a

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million articles were left in tubes and trains last year—among them a collection of jewels worth £1000, unlocked and unlabelled. Some twenty thousand gas-masks were among the waifs and strays, and these represent only a fraction of those which are left in other places besides tubes and trains. No figures are given for umbrellas, probably because astronomical symbols would be needed to express the total. And yet an umbrella is a very precious thing nowadays—as all these umbrella-scatterers must have discovered when they tried to buy new ones.

Poachers.

No less precious, in the eyes of the discerning, is a piece of nice, fresh soap; and unfortunately you can't pick this up in tubes and trains and buses, nor, so far as I know, can you purchase it at the Lost Property Office. In this connection I desire to register a protest against a grave wrong to all my sex. My chemist assures me that shaving-soap is in short supply because unscrupulous women have been buying it up for toilet-soap. If true, sinister; and also unwise. Have these selfish monopolists considered whether it is in their own best interests that the countenances for which the soap was intended should go unreaped? I should have thought not; but it may be that the hirsute submarine and other naval officers who are so dear to Press photographers have changed the fashion. For myself, speaking as a lifelong face-mower, I feel that these bristling heroes are getting too much admiration. After all, anybody can grow a beard by just letting nature take its course, but it takes years of patience and perseverance, not unmingled with one's very life-blood, *not* to grow a beard. However, don't let me show any petty spirit; all I ask, however old-fashioned it may seem, is that shaving-soap be confined to the purpose for which it was intended.

"Have you two come here to see me, or haven't you?"

DRAWN BY HAROLD BEARDS.

Sweetness and Light.

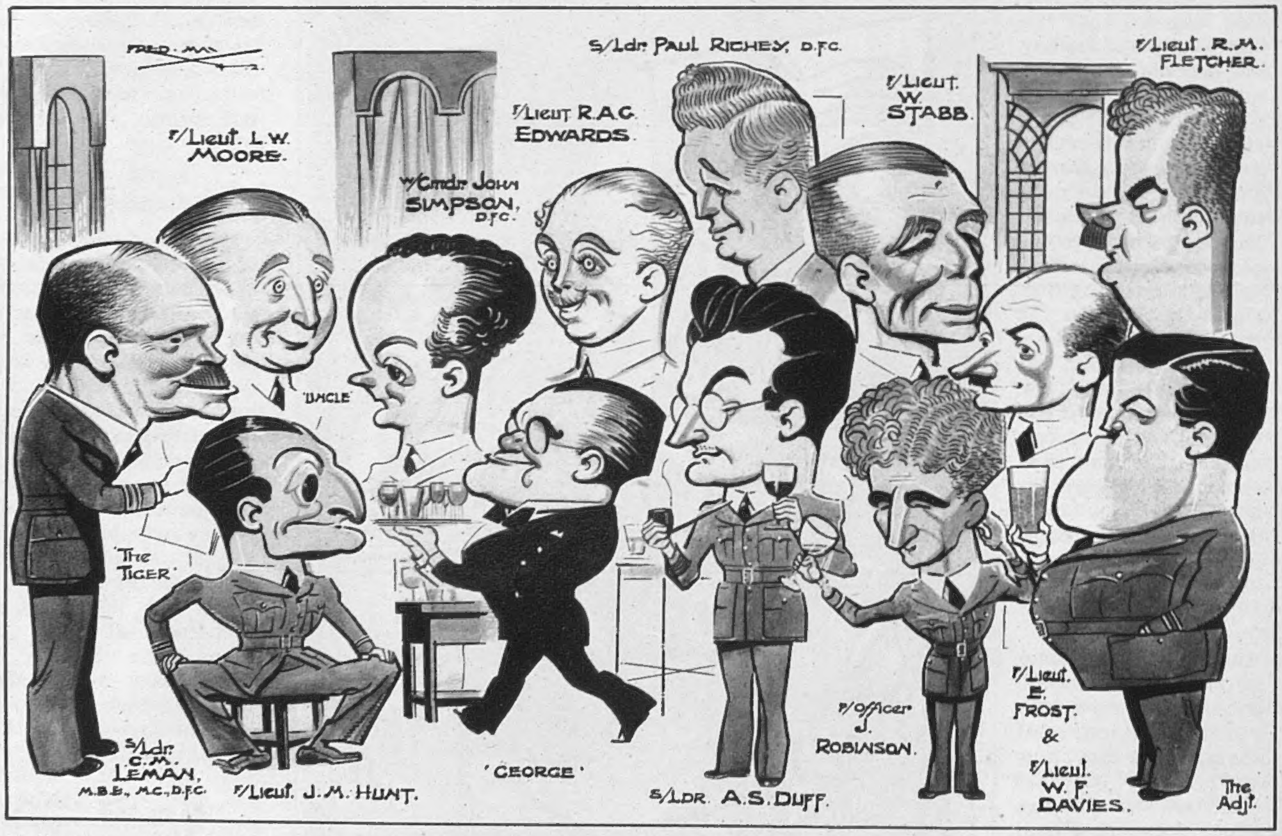
And I hope that I may have a little light to shave by when the dark winter mornings return—but I fear it may have to be a candle (if any are procurable) or rushlight (if they are not all taken for munitions). At this moment of writing, it is uncertain what is going to happen to the Fuel and Light Rationing Scheme; but can it be that the worm is turning, and that even the House of Commons is beginning to weary of Schemes and Plans and Surveys, and cannot contemplate without a shudder another vast army of bored young female clerks who, with the unerring instinct of their kind, will allot all the wrong rations to all the wrong people? And yet it is difficult to see what all the fuss is about; another fifty thousand or so more Civil Servants, another sheaf of forms and returns and books and cards to fill in, surely cannot matter much in these days? All we really need to complete the picture is a Controller of Controllers. Meanwhile, each of us has a grand opportunity of being a Self-Controller.

A.R.P. in India.

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

WASTE PAPER.

Do not forget that the drive for waste paper for munitions is going on all the time. No scrap is too small to add to the salvage man's collection. The daily post provides you with a certain amount; look out old cardboard boxes, newspapers, documents, catalogues, programmes—anything and everything that is made of paper. For May, June and July a new waste-paper competition has been devised by the Waste Paper Recovery Association, so do take care that your contribution is as large as you can make it.



Apéritif-time in No. 2 Mess at Command H.Q., R.A.F., is this week's subject. And a topical one, now that things are really "hotting up" on the second front. (DRAWN BY FRED MAY.)

The thirty-sixth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

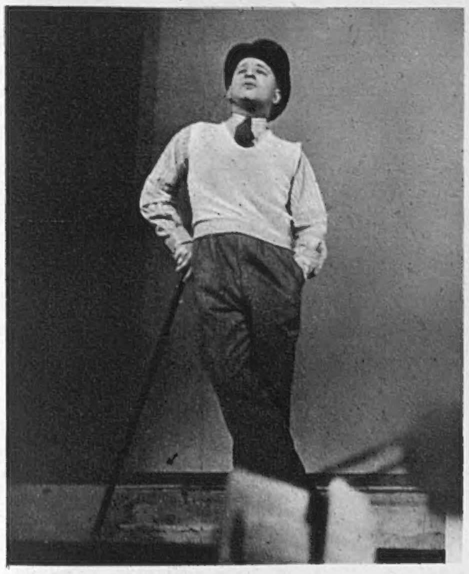
Ferdinand and the Cow unmask : FRANCES DAY, *star of "Night and Day," with the producer,* CAPTAIN JACK PROFUMO, M.P.

"The Blue Train" : CAPTAIN JACK PROFUMO *as the Man, and* FRANCES DAY *as the Girl—her original "Black Vanities" part.*

COMBINED STAGE OPS. : ARMY AND R.A.F. IN "NIGHT AND DAY."

"NIGHT AND DAY," the combined Army and R.A.F. show produced by Captain Jack Profumo, M.P. for Kettering and "Baby" of the House of Commons, made a big hit at the Cambridge Arts Theatre. On our front page we give a photograph of Captain Profumo and the star, Frances Day, very well disguised by their costumes for "Ferdinand." On this page they are more recognisable! Two public performances of "Night and Day" were given, the others were for the forces only, and altogether more than 3000 of all Services saw the entertainment. Frances Day supervised the staging and production, and Vicki Bruce (Mrs. Carol Gibbons) gave her help with some brilliant songs. Miss Dot Bachelor, lent by Bud Bradley, coached the W.A.A.F. sextette in their dance routine.

Right : THE GLAMOUR GIRLS, *including L.A.C.W. E. Vaughan, L.A.C.W. M. Hurll, Yvonne Jay, L.A.C.W. Edith Caswell, A.C.W. E. Mayers, Sheila Mathews, A.C.W. A. Butler, A. Dumont, E. Dare, A.C.W. J. Williams.*



WING COMMANDER JOHN BARKER, R.A.F., *comes down to earth and introduces Vicki Bruce.*

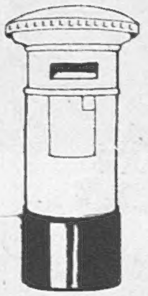
"The Two Stooges," one of the high-lights of the show : F./LT. DON COE *and* F./O. ROY PENMAN.

CORPORAL CLIFF FOWLER *as "Carmen Miranda," a part in which he made a hit.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

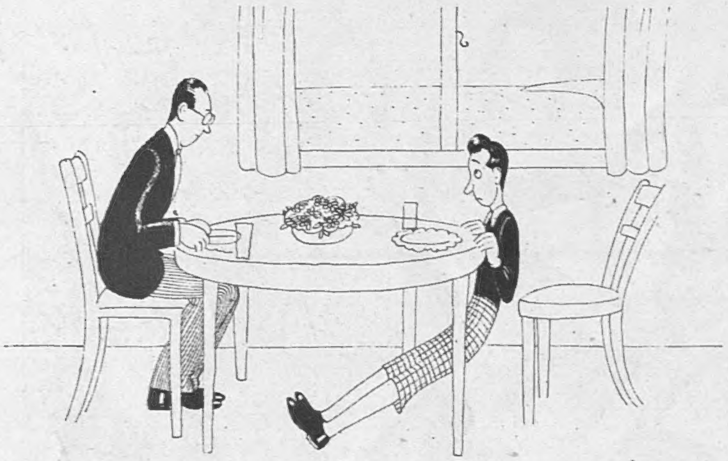
Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



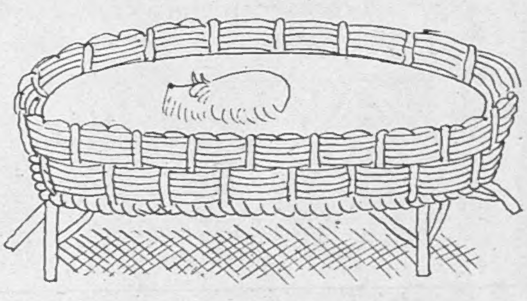
MY DEAR ROBERT—Spring is here, and I have started what Charles calls my rearguard action with the weeds. Daffodils are dancing and fluttering in a not inconsiderable, and definitely cold, breeze, and wood-anemones rear their delicate heads, as people who write about the Spring are so fond of saying.

It would be easier to enjoy all this burgeoning and budding if only the bluebells didn't rear their delicate heads too. Bluebells are all very well in their way. In a wood, for instance,



"I slid gracefully under the table."

where they make a misty-blue carpet through the trees, they excite my wildest admiration, and there are places in our garden where they are positively encouraged to do their stuff. "But give them an inch and they'll take an ell," as our Nanny used to say when we were allowed to stay up half an hour later than usual and got boisterous and out of hand, and once you get bluebells into your garden, you find them springing up all over the place, generally in juxtaposition to your most tender rock plant.



"Fay had been quite unmoved."

The popular belief that when bluebells are pulled out of the ground by their long, delicate white stalks they die is not true. I have never joined in the exclamations of horror and disgust when young people, after a day in the country, are seen on their way home, the carriers of their bicycles heaped high with wilting bluebells, because I know, only too well, that frenzied pulling simply encourages the growth, like plucking one's eyebrows, and if you want to get rid of bluebells, you must dig deep, deep into the earth until you reach the sly white bulbs from which they spring. These you must pull out and destroy by stamping on them. Unless you do this, they appear again and again, like those weak, stubborn women who always get their own way in the end. If you ignore them they overlie their neighbours and take all the nourishment out of the soil. But if you do dig them out, the neighbouring plants, offended and disturbed by all this uprooting, die anyway, so it comes to the same thing in the end.

Life in your old home town, Robert, is not as uneventful these days as I could wish it to be. A few days ago, in the middle of lunch, and without the slightest warning, things suddenly began to be very unpleasant indeed. After two tremendous Bangs and the rattle of machine-gun bullets, I slid gracefully under the dining-room table and cowered there until the enemy 'plane, after a few more Bangs, had roared over our chimney-pots and out to sea again.

When I emerged, Charles was still eating his lunch. "That gave you a turn," he said with a grin.

"Yes."

"Dirty swine," said Charles, cutting himself another slice of bread.

"Yes." I looked with distaste at the lunch I had been enjoying a few moments before.

"Eat up your food, Woman, eat up your food," said Charles irritably.

"I kind of don't feel hungry now."

"Can't work on an empty stomach," said Charles. Then the telephone rang, and he said "Ah," and left the room, and a few minutes later I heard him drive away in his car.

If it was Hitler's idea to strike terror into the hearts of sleepy West Country folk, then the whole thing was a failure, because it has simply made everybody very angry indeed. Lady B. came round that evening, quite pink with annoyance. "I'm in such a temper," she said.

Charles said he wished he could give her a little something, but there wasn't a drop in the cupboard.

When we asked Lady B. if she had been upset by the Incidents, she said no, she had got under the piano and taken some of Fay's Dog Bromide mixture, which had worked wonders. Lady B. said Fay had been quite unmoved by each shattering explosion, and had remained in her basket with a bored expression on her face.

"The people whose windows have been blown in are very scornful of the ones whose windows have not been blown in," said Lady B. "And the people whose doors and windows have been blown in are scornful of the people whose windows only have been blown in, and the people whose houses have been knocked down are scornful of everybody."

"Snom bobbery is rife," I said.

"What, dear?" said Lady B., peering at me anxiously.

"Snom bobbery."

"She's probably suffering from shock," said Charles to Lady B. in a low tone.

We are all very proud of our home town, Robert. Nobody made a fuss and everything worked smoothly, rather to the disappointment of the Visitors who prophesied Muddles.

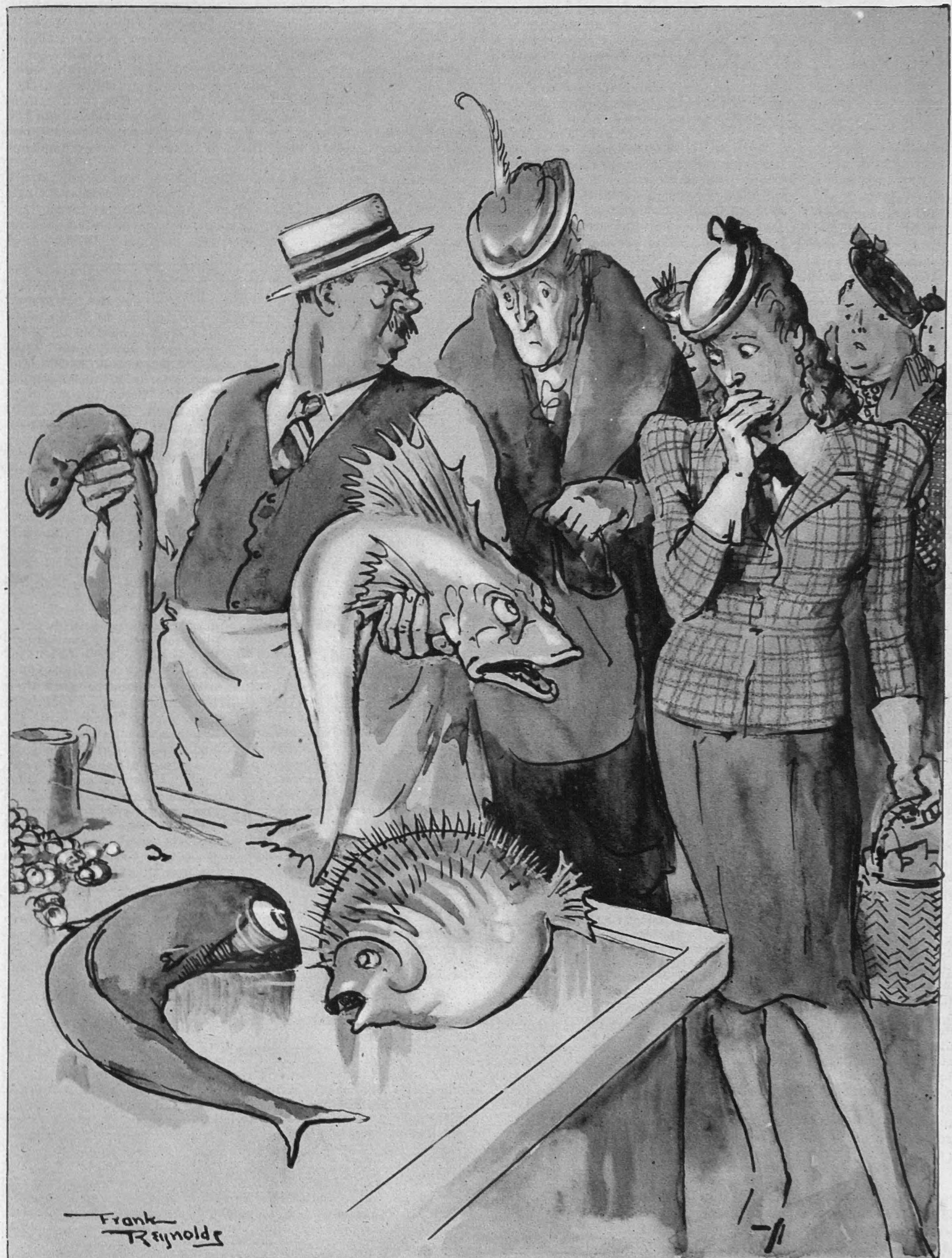
Mrs. Savernack covered herself with glory by rushing into the garden and firing a shot-gun at the enemy 'plane. She swears she scored a hit, and is now so flushed with success that she is trying to form a Women's Home Guard. She says she isn't going to ask me to join, because I wouldn't be any good.

The only person besides Lady B.'s Fay to be quite unmoved by the raid is our Gardener, who is so deaf he never heard anything. When I told him about it he shook his head in a knowing way. "Ar," he said, "her couldn't get me. I was in the old greenhouse."

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"Mrs. Savernack covered herself with glory."



"MAKE UP YER MIND, LADY. IT'S THESE OR WINKLES."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

On the law of averages, I suppose, it is inevitable that Hollywood should turn out every now and then a film as intelligent and sensitive as "HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY" (New Gallery and Marble Arch Pavilion), but I must admit that these happy events still fill me with a sense of gratified astonishment.

Richard Llewellyn's great novel was not by any means a "natural" for the screen. It has an acutely personal quality, a charm that springs not so much from its incident as from its intimate impressions of people and things snatched from the memories of childhood. It depends, too, on the poetry of its prose. "I like," as a young friend of mine said to me, "the funny way it 's written." I, too, like the funny way it 's written, and was in grave doubts whether such an individual style could ever be transferred to the screen.

As far as it is possible for a Hollywood film to recapture the mood of a Welsh book, "How Green Was My Valley" has done it. John Ford ("Grapes of Wrath," "The Long Voyage Home," "The Informer") directed, and Ford has a poetry of his own in film-making. He has given his piece an almost dream-like quality, using a great deal of music—beautifully sung by a Welsh choir—and playing a number of scenes without dialogue at all, connecting his sequences through the off-screen voice of a narrator.

"I am packing my few belongings," the voice begins, "in the shawl my mother left me, and I am leaving my Valley." Then the film fades back to Huw Morgan's boyhood in a Welsh mining village in the second half of the last century. Huw (Roddy McDowall) is the youngest of a family of miners. His father (Donald Crisp) and brothers work in the pit. His sister Angharad (Maureen O'Hara) mends and cooks. His mother (Sara Allgood), like all the wives of the village, sits at her cottage gate of a Saturday, receiving the family wages in her clean, starched apron.

It is a happy home that Huw remembers in his early days. But presently troubles come to the Valley and the Morgans. Labour disputes set sons against father. Some of the boys emigrate; one, the eldest, the sweetest singer, who leads his choir to sing before the Widow of Windsor, is killed in the mine. Angharad, disappointed in her love for the local preacher (Walter Pidgeon), hurries into unhappy marriage with the mineowner's son, and whispers of divorce and scandal creep through the village. Huw's hard experiences at the National School, his first days in the pit, his calf-love for Bronwen (Anna Lee), his brother's wife, and finally the mining disaster which kills his father, fill the later chapters of the picture.

"How Green Was My Valley" is an austere film; but even if it brings a lump to your throat now and then, it is never depressing. There is happiness of a real kind, you feel, for these people, a joy in their family ties, their full, busy life, their faith, and especially their singing—for "singing is in my people as sight is in the eye." What charmed me most about the film was its detail of homely things: the willow-pattern tea-set on the dresser, the china dog in the hall, the geraniums in the window. Here is a house, you feel, that is lived in and loved, a home where real people live and eat and sleep, a place they will remember when they are old.

Although it is set in occupied Holland instead of in Canada, "ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING" (Odeon) bears a strong family resemblance to "49th Parallel." This is not really surprising, since it is directed and written by the same team—Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—and has the same actor, Eric Portman, in a leading rôle. What is more, it has the same plot formula in reverse. "49th Parallel," you will remember, was about six members of a Nazi submarine crew who try to escape from Canada. "One of Our Aircraft" is about six members of the crew of a British bomber who try to escape from Holland. The chief difference is that the British do escape. The Germans, of course, didn't.

"One of Our Aircraft," after a bit of initial meandering, shows how B for Bertie (crew, Godfrey Tearle, Eric Portman, Hugh Williams, Bernard Miles, Hugh Burden and Emrys Jones) sets out to bomb Strasburg. She does the job, is hit by A.-A. fire, and has to be abandoned on the return journey. The crew bale out by parachute over occupied Holland.

The rest of the film is entirely concerned with the efforts of the Dutch people—a "V" army to the last woman, and almost to the last man—to help them to escape. The fugitives, in disguise, are passed on from group to group, until at last they reach the coast. There they have to wait until a British air raid, sending the Nazi guards to shelter, gives them the chance to row out to a floating buoy, where the Royal Navy picks them up. There is very little organised plot, merely a series of incidents in the picaresque style—an incident in the village church, an incident at a football match, an incident in the Burgomaster's house, an incident in a warehouse by the quays.

Although the whole effect is a little slow, many of these incidents are quite beautifully done. They have the homely detail of Dutch paintings, deliberately grouped and warmly lit. I particularly liked the scene of the morning service, with the airmen and all their cavalcade of helpers cycling to church, the priest and the organist in the secret, every little sound sharp and significant against the summer Sunday hush. As for the acting, "One of Our Aircraft is Missing" is the women's chance. The crew, although there is some attempt made to differentiate the types, is a unit, something to be passed on from hand to hand, almost an impersonal thing. It is the women who are the organisers, the characters. Two of them in particular, the village schoolmistress Els Meertens, and the manager of the quayside warehouse Jo De Vries, have developed the "V" business to a fine art.

Pamela Brown plays Els Meertens. Miss Brown is a young stage player from the Oxford Repertory whom many experts regard as our most promising classic actress, and this is her first film part. She is a startling person, with an alert, oval face, enormous dark eyes under arched brows, and a style that simply can't be typed. I doubt if they will ever make a conventional screen-star of her, and I hope she 'll never let them. To my mind, she 'll do very well as she is.

Googie Withers plays Jo De Vries. Miss Withers, of course, is a veteran of pictures, but she has never before had a part like this. Hers is probably the strongest rôle in the film—that of a woman who pretends her husband has been killed in an R.A.F. raid over Haarlem, and works for the Allies under cover of a calculated, assumed hatred. She dresses like a man, in rough coat, overalls and boots. She wears no make-up, and pulls her hair up tight under a woollen scarf. I have seen Miss Withers on the screen in ravishing gowns, fresh from the hands of the studio make-up department, but I have never known her to look better than she does here. There is character in every line of her face, and force behind every word she speaks. The film gives her the

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

** Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

** Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard; Anton Walbrook; Athene Seyler and Judy Campbell. Anti-Nazi family in the U.S.A.

** Apollo: "OLD ACQUAINTANCE." Edith Evans in John van Druten's play. Perfect acting.

* Coliseum: "MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." Revival, with Sonnie Hale; Elsie Randolph.

* Duchess: "SKYLARK." Well-acted comedy. Constance Cummings; Hugh Sinclair.

** Garrick: "WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

** Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

** Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver; Jeanne Ravel; Celia Lipton.

** Lyric: "BLOSSOM TIME." Richard Tauber sings in a Rodney Ackland play on Schubert.

** Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

** Palladium: "GANGWAY." George Black's Musical Smile; with Tommy Trinder; Bebe Daniels; Ben Lyon.

** Phœnix: "OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES." Superb evacuee comedy. Mary Clare; Phyllis Dare.

*** Piccadilly: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton; Kay Hammond; Cecil Parker; Margaret Rutherford.

* Prince of Wales: "HAPPIDROME." B.B.C. success put on the stage by George Black.

* St. James's: "THE NUTMEG TREE." Comedy with Yvonne Arnaud.

* St. Martin's: "JAM TO-DAY." Beatrix Lehmann in comedy.

*** Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

* Vaudeville: "SCOOP!" New revue with Henry Kendall; Joan Swinstead; Patricia Leonard; Arthur Young and Swingtette.

** Victoria Palace: "TWENTY TO ONE." Laugh-making racing musical play. Lupino Lane; Greta Fayne; Winifred Sloane.

* Windmill: Non-stop revudeville.

* Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

chance she has been waiting for, and she doesn't miss a trick. I should say "One of Our Aircraft is Missing" is her little triumph.

"LET THE PEOPLE SING" (Leicester Square) seems to me an odd and rather pointless affair. It is adapted from a Priestley book, which I have not read, but which I imagine might have been a pungent attack on municipal politics and a plea for the ratepayer's rights. What emerges from the film, however, is a lot of rather confused comedy, a hazy speech or two about the British heritage by a Czech professor (Alastair Sim with a beard and a Scottish accent), and a music-hall sketch of a bottled baronet on the bench by Fred Emney. Mind you, Mr. Emney's act is a very funny one. It always was.

BRIAN DONLEVY *plays the title-rôle in "The Remarkable Andrew" (Carlton) of the famous General Andrew Jackson, who fought the British in the War of Independence, and was America's seventh President.* WILLIAM HOLDEN *is Andrew Long, municipal bookkeeper, who, helped by such shades from the past as Jackson, George Washington, Jefferson, and Benjamin Franklin, is transformed from a man on trial for embezzlement of public funds to a model of rectitude who cleans up his city.*

The plot of "Let the People Sing" wanders, but eventually settles down to study the dispute over possession of the Little Hall at Dunbury. Lady Foxleigh and her set want the Little Hall for a museum, United Plastics want it for a show-room for ash-trays. And the People, urged on by the Czech professor, a faded music-hall comic (Edward Rigby) and an auctioneer's niece (Patricia Roc), suddenly discover that they want it to sing in. Three generations back, it seems, a Foxleigh had given the hall to the People for "the making and enjoyment of music." Time, and the stultifying effect of ash-trays, has silenced the song-bird in them.

The People's Party work deftly and strategically. The professor and the music-hall comedian rouse the employees of United Plastics. The auctioneer's niece nobbles Lady Foxleigh's stuttering son (Oliver Wakefield). Together, with the help of the blonde licensee of the Dog and Bell, they successfully pickle the presiding magistrate. So the Little Hall at Dunbury echoes to the strains of "Let the People Sing." The whole country takes it up—at the lathe, in the canteen, and even on the high seas. And that, dear readers, is presumably how we got the spirit of Workers' Playtime.

"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN" (Warner) is an affectionate biography of a Methodist minister (Fredric March) and his work in American small-town churches during the first quarter of this century. The story begins with his marriage to gentle, patient, starry-eyed Hope (Martha Scott) and their arrival in Laketon, Iowa, to take over his first living. It follows his uneventful but kindly career from parish to parish, from one small church that needs "helping" to another, from the parsonage next door to the fire station, to the parsonage where the roof leaks in nineteen places. It shows the lessons that have to be learnt by a pastor's wife and children—that the parsonage really belongs to the ladies of the congregation, that members of the choir like to be seen as well as heard, that a pastor's family "walk a sort of tight-rope, one foot on earth and one already in heaven." It shows the innocent tricks that a hungry minister must learn—how to distinguish a two-dollar wedding couple from a five-dollar pair, how to throw out a gentle hint to his flock by preaching a sermon on "the miracle of feeding the multitude with five loaves and two fishes."

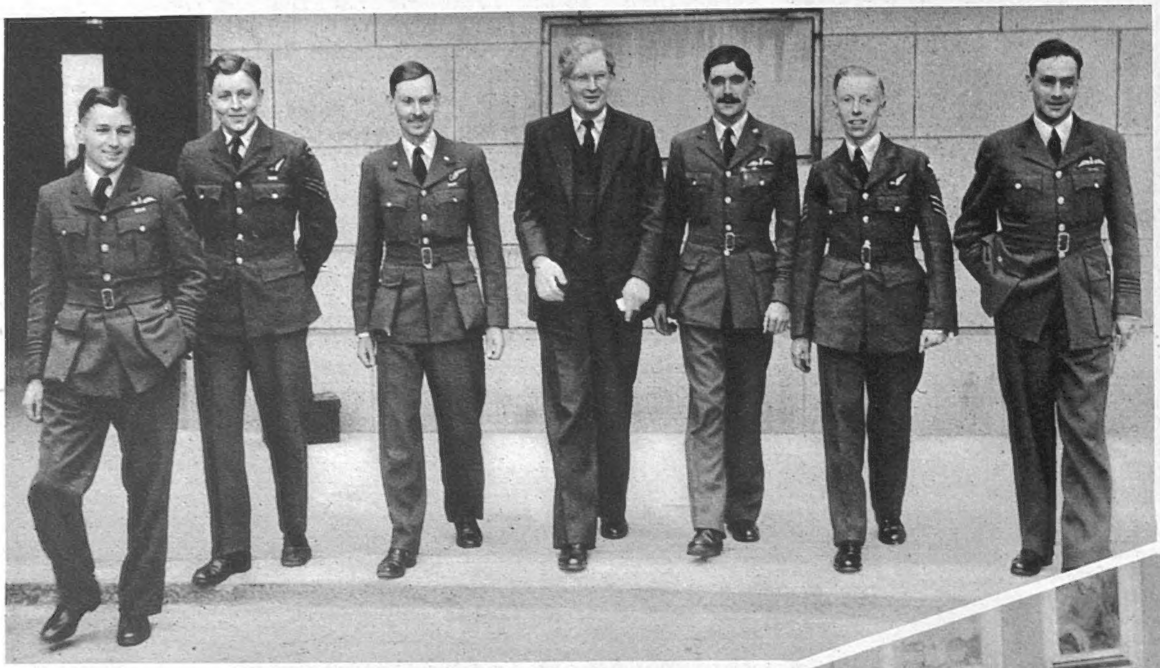
Ernst Lubitsch's "To Be or Not to Be" (Gaumont, Haymarket) is the last film in which poor CAROLE LOMBARD *starred before her aeroplane crash. She, as Maria Tura, and her husband, Joseph* (JACK BENNY), *are members of a company of "ham" actors playing at the Teatr Polski when the Germans invade Poland. So deeply have the company absorbed the anti-Nazi play they have been rehearsing that it is easy for them to masquerade hilariously as any Nazi characters they please, from Hitler downwards. And so they escape to England, snatched from the very jaws of the Gestapo.*

Little really happens in the film, which ends with the Reverend Spence giving up his first comfortable parsonage and a church with a carillon and 10,000-dollar organ to go back to Iowa and another small church in trouble.

But the little is so beautifully done, so tenderly underplayed by Mr. March and Miss Scott, so restrained in its script and direction, that it holds you more than many more eventful pictures. A quiet and charming humour runs through the piece, which is never mawkish, even when its hero essays the difficult task of praying on the screen. It may seem odd to suggest that the end, with the Reverend Spence ringing out "The Church's One Foundation" on his beloved carillon, and the townsfolk taking up the hymn in the street below, is tremendously exciting But it is.

"One Foot in Heaven" (Warner), reviewed in this article, stars FREDRIC MARCH *(right) as William Spence, with* MARTHA SCOTT *as Hope Morris Spence.* ERNEST COSSART *and* NANA BRYANT, *as Spence's parents, are shocked when he says that he has decided to throw up his medical career and become a minister.*

HEROISM, ROMANCE, WORK AND ART:



A./S./L. J. D. NETTLETON *(extreme right) was awarded the V.C. for leading the raid on the Diesel works at Augsburg. Our group shows (l. to r.):* S./L. D. G. PENMAN, D.S.O., D.F.C.; SGT. D. N. HUNTLY, D.F.M.; P./O. D. O. SANDS, D.F.C.; F./L. B. R. W. HALLOWS, D.F.C., *and* SGT. R. P. IRONS, D.F.M., *all decorated for their part in the raid, with* MR. BRENDAN BRACKEN, *Minister of Information (plain clothes). A./S./L. Nettleton is the first South African to win the V.C. in this war, and the second South African airman to hold the distinction.*

MISS BERYL COWPER, *elder daughter of Mr. F. Cowper, is engaged to Lieut. William ("Jock") Whitworth, R.N., elder son of Vice-Admiral Sir William Whitworth.*

MR. MANN, *Keeper of the Wallace Collection, and* MRS. MANN *attended the private view of jewels for the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John sale at Christie's.*

MISS DEIRDRE GHILCHIK, *aged sixteen, has had her picture, "Snow in Our Suburb," accepted and hung on the line in this year's Royal Academy. She painted the view from the window of her home.*

The marriage of CAPTAIN LORD CARRINGTON, *Grenadier Guards, to* MISS IONA McCLEAN, *daughter of Sir Francis and Lady McClean, took place at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks.*

DONA O'NEILL, *sixteen-year-old daughter of playwright Eugene O'Neill, is Débutante No. 1 of the 1942 New York season. She heads a war charity show committee.*

MRS. HARALD PEAKE, *wife of Air Commodore H. Peake, has succeeded Mrs. G. M. Cooke as Commandant of the Mechanised Transport Corps.*

NOTABLE PEOPLE IN THE WEEK'S NEWS.

MISS AUDREY BOYES, *South African actress appearing in the film "Back Room Boy," is engaged to S./L. C. G. Peterson, D.F.C., Commander of the American Eagle Squadron.*

LADY BURGHLEY, *Red Cross, and* MRS. JOYNSON, *St. John, are helping to cut up bread into crumbs for Christmas puddings for British prisoners of war. Lady Burghley is a sister of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester.*

LIEUT. PETER SCOTT, R.N.V.R., *son of the late Captain Scott, and of Lady Kennet, of the Dene, married* MISS E. J. HOWARD, *daughter of Mr. David Howard, at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate.*

Two brothers married two sisters at St. Benedict's, Ealing. They were P./O. P. E. RAW *and* MISS MAVIS M. VAN DER BECK, *and* F./L. A. W. RAW *and* MISS AGNES K. VAN DER BECK.

2ND SUB. MISS BETTINE HOLMES, *A.T.S. Signals, is the daughter of Major-General N. G. Holmes, C.B.E., M.C., and granddaughter of the late Sir Hugh Clifford. In our issue of April 8 her portrait was incorrectly described as being a photograph of Miss Florence Hannah Wensley Holmes.*

MISS ANNE PETHERICK *is engaged to Mr. William Edward Harry Lawson, elder son of Major-General the Hon. E. F. Lawson, C.B., etc.*

The marriage of CAPTAIN MICHAEL WATSON, *17th/21st Lancers, to the* HON. SYBIL BERRY, *fourth daughter of the late Lord Buckland of Bwlch, took place at St. Michael's, Chester Square.*

EVERY WOMAN'S RECIPES.

CRÈME DE TOPINAMBOURS.

1½ lb. of Jerusalem artichokes.
1 carrot.
Garlic.
One slice of turnip.
1 oz. of margarine.
2 dessertspoonfuls of flour.
1½ pints of water.

Wash and cut into slices all the vegetables; fry them in the margarine. After a quarter of an hour, mix in two dessertspoonfuls of flour and the water. Transfer the lot into a saucepan and leave it simmering for twenty minutes. Strain off before serving.

NOUILLES MAISON.

½ lb. of flour.
1 egg.
2 oz. of grated cheese.
2 tablespoonfuls of water.
Corned beef or other meat.
1 onion.
Salt.

Put into a bowl the flour, the egg, a pinch of salt and the water. Mix the ingredients well with a wooden spoon, and then work with the hands for five minutes. Cover the paste with a dry cloth and leave it for ten minutes. Remove the cloth, spread it on a table, sprinkle it well with flour, and roll out the paste as thinly as possible. (Should the rolling-pin stick to the paste, rub it with flour.) Leave it to dry for an hour, and then cut it into strips about two inches long. Do not use until the next day, and then leave the noodles for twenty minutes in boiling water, strain off well, and serve either plain with grated cheese or mixed with small pieces of corned beef or other meat. (The meat must be heated before being added, preferably with a fried onion, to the noodles.)

BAIGNETS VIENNOIS.

1 lb. of potatoes.
2 dessertspoonfuls of flour.
2 dessertspoonfuls of sugar.
3 drops of vanilla essence.
Margarine.

Clean the potatoes and leave them in boiling water for half an hour. Remove and peel them, and pass them through a sieve. Add the sugar, the flour and the vanilla, and roll out the paste. (Thickness about ¼ of an inch.) Then, with a tumbler, cut as many rounds as possible and fry them in boiling margarine until nicely browned and swollen on both sides. Sprinkle with sugar and serve immediately.

NOTE.—*For the baignets to swell properly, they should be covered by the fat, which means using rather a lot: it need not be wasted, however, as the potatoes will not give it a taste.*

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.

80TH-BIRTHDAY MATINÉE PORTRAIT.

CYRIL MAUDE *appeared as Sir Peter Teazle, with* VIVIEN LEIGH *as Lady Teazle, in quarrel scenes from "The School for Scandal," at his eightieth-birthday gala matinée at the Haymarket, in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund and the Actors' Benevolent Fund, which, between them, divided nearly £1000. The occasion was a first-class entertainment, as well as the expression of homage to a famous veteran. Mr. Maude has been associated with countless successes in England and America, and during his partnership with Frederick Harrison at the Haymarket (1896-1905) gave many notable productions, including Sheridan classics and Pinero comedies. His big hits also include "Grumpy" (stage and screen), "Cousin Kate," "Lord Richard in the Pantry," "The Flag Lieutenant," "The Little Minister," and so forth. At eighty his charm is undiminished, and he is still going strong.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

LEADER OF THE BOUL

MAJOR LORD LOV

MAJOR LORD LOVAT, *fifteenth Baron of Lovat, Inverness, led the daring Commando raid near Boulogne on the eve of St. George's Day, and of the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Zeebrugge raid. He has been in the Commandos for over twelve months and was in the first Lofoten raid. He and his men took the Germans completely by surprise, and as everyone knows, penetrated their defences over a frontage of 800 yards, carried out their assigned tasks and then withdrew, every man with his weapons. Our central photograph shows Lord Lovat (holding paper) giving orders to officers before they set out.*

[Continued opposite.

STUDIO N

N.B. Colour pl

NE COMMANDO RAID:

; AND LADY LOVAT.

Continued.]
He was born in 1911, and succeeded his father in 1933. His marriage to Miss Rosamund Broughton took place in 1938, and they have a son, the Master of Lovat, born in 1939, and a baby daughter. His father, the late Major-General Lord Lovat, K.T., G.C.V.O., etc., served in the South African War with Lovat's Scouts, which he raised. The family motto is "Je suis Prest" (I am ready). Glimpses of the Boulogne raid have been given in a recent News Reel. As the raid took place at night, naturally these glimpses do not amount to much, but they indicate something of the opposition faced.

BY HARLIP.

rted in this issue.

DO YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS?

Can you recognise the identity of this glamour girl? She's a world-famous screen-star whom you have seen in many great picture rôles, but this period costume and coiffure of the early years of the century is something of a disguise. She's starring in Universal's "The Spoilers"—a hint to guide your guess; and you'll find the answer to the puzzle on page 257 of this issue.

THE WAILING WOMAN.*

By ERIC ALLEN.

MRS. THORNABY shivered. She glanced across at the radio in the corner. Strange, improbable harmonies crept from its speaker. "What is that thing?" she asked. "I wish they would play something more cheerful—it gives me the creeps." A gust of wind hurled itself through the elms that lined the drive outside, and spattered its wet load noisily against the window. The prim little lady in the rocker by the fire glanced up from her knitting and said: "It is a piece by Stravinsky, called 'The Rites of Spring.'"

"'The Rites of Spring'!" Mr. Thornaby echoed. "Spring hasn't any right to be as unearthly as that."

Gwen Thornaby crossed the room with a little stool in her hand, and planted it between the rocker and her mother's chair.

"Good old Mimmsy," she chuckled, as she sat down. "You know all the answers, don't you? But I'm surprised to find you so well up on the moderns."

Miss Mimms finished counting her row of stitches. Then she looked at the girl on the stool. "It is the duty of a lady's companion to be well informed on all subjects," she told her.

There was something in the way she said it that left a lingering cloud of depression behind it, that hung in the atmosphere like the uncomfortable aftermath of a too-heavy meal. Gwen Thornaby thought, though she did not quite see how or why, that she had been put in her place. Behind the prim little lady's words there had been the suggestion of reproval linked with a hint of self-pity. A light tap on the door pierced the cloud of silence and scattered the threatening squall. They all looked up as the droop-shouldered old man stepped quietly into the room. He carried a silver tray with a glass in the centre of it. He placed the glass down on a little table by the rocker.

"Your hot milk, Miss Mimms," he said. Then, to Mrs. Thornaby: "Will there be anything else, Madam?"

Mrs. Thornaby shook her head. "No. No, thank you, Gammon. That will be all. You may lock up."

Her husband, from his chair by the radio, watched the old butler incline his head slightly and then turn and glide towards the door.

"Talking about being given the creeps," he said, as the door closed, "that's just what Gammon gives me. I'm certain he'll poison my soup one of these nights."

"Don't be so ridiculous, Edward," Mrs. Thornaby frowned.

"He doesn't approve of me," her husband insisted. "He doesn't approve of any of us—except, perhaps, Miss Mimms. I can tell by the way he looks at us. I suppose he thinks that there's something immoral about making one's own money. I sometimes wish I'd never agreed to keep him on when I took the house over."

"Gammon has served the owners of 'Smugglers' for many years."

It was Miss Mimms who spoke, and in the same faintly acid, slightly reproving tone.

Mrs. Thornaby opened her mouth. She kept it open, but no words came. A sound, it seemed to have come from overhead, robbed her of the power of speech. A wailing cry. It began low down, climbed up to a shrieking apex, then tumbled moaningly down again. "What on earth was that?" she managed at last.

The sound came again. It coincided with a crescendo blast from the loudspeaker, and a rattling tattoo of rain on the window.

Only Miss Mimms retained her composure. She rocked herself gently to and fro. "That," she announced, "is the Wailing Woman."

Mr. Thornaby struck a match with over-acted nonchalance. He held it to his pipe. For a second or two he sucked noisily. Then he said: "The agent told me something about it. I didn't take much notice, though. Wasn't she murdered by her husband?"

"Two hundred years ago," Miss Mimms nodded. "In the room overhead. She returns from time to time—to give warning."

"How too gloriously eerie," Gwen Thornaby laughed. "Warning of what, Mimmsy?"

Miss Mimms laid her knitting down in her lap. She looked at Mr. Thornaby. "When the Wailing Woman returns," she said, "it is a sign that the head of the house will die before midnight."

Mr. Thornaby took his pipe from his mouth. He laughed, but not quite successfully. "Thanks for the tip," he said.

Miss Mimms smiled coldly. "I was merely repeating the legend, as you may read it in the family's history," she told him. "You will find the book in the library."

"I wish you wouldn't repeat such things, Miss Mimms," Mrs. Thornaby said. "With the state my heart is in——"

Again the cold smile. "My heart, too, is in a very bad condition, as you know, but I must confess that I find it unaffected."

"Why would it be?" Thornaby grunted. "You aren't the head of the house."

Before anybody could speak again, the wailing shriek skirled out once more. Then, just as suddenly, the lights in the room went out. The shock forced a small cry of alarm from Mrs. Thornaby.

"Don't get excited," came her husband's voice. "I expect the wind has brought a wire down outside. I'll go and see."

He struck a match, and in its uncertain light moved warily towards the door. The music from the radio had died with the lights. It was very still and silent in the room. The door closed behind him and the three in the room were left in the dark. None of them spoke. When he returned, he carried a candle in his hand.

"It was Bob," he told them. "He's been fooling with that new set of his and fused the lights. They are being seen to now."

"Bob!" It was Gwen Thornaby. She threw back her head and laughed. "But of course. How delicious.—Your Wailing Woman, Mimmsy, was Bob's new super-super short-wave oscillating."

The sudden glare of the lights interrupted Miss Mimms's reply. Then almost at once the door opened and young Bob Thornaby came in. "Sorry if I scared you, folks," he grinned.

"Scared us!" his sister snorted. "Who's afraid of the big, bad shriek? Is that the best you can do? How about some rattling chains?"

Her father was twisting the control knobs of the radio.

"Seems to be dead," he grunted. "Of course—because I particularly wanted to hear the news."

The youngster walked over to the set and swung the controls. "Power-valve blown," he opinioned. "But don't worry, Dad. I'll fetch the short-wave. We can hook it up in here so that you can get the nine o'clock."

He went out. When he returned, he carried what looked like a box full of spare radio components and odds and ends of wire.

"It looks a bit rough," he grinned, "but the reception's fine."

He put the set down on the small table by Miss Mimms's rocker.

"Seems to be a wire adrift here," he said, after fiddling with it for a minute or two. "But I'll fix it in a couple of shakes. Plug it in, Dad, while I go and get a screwdriver."

His father walked over to the set. "Plug it in!" he said. "That's all very well—but where?"

"Isn't there a place down here by the hearth where we used to fix the electric-fire?" Mrs. Thornaby said.

"It should go on the lighting circuit, shouldn't it?" Gwen Thornaby put in. "Not that I'd know, of course."

Her father was on his knees by the fireplace. "This will have to do," he said. "I can't play about, unplugging lamps. It's almost nine."

"It doesn't seem to be making any noise," Miss Mimms said. She put down her knitting and picked up a loose end of wire. "Isn't this ——" she began, when her rocking-chair, thrown too far forward by her movement, toppled. Her hand, with the loose end of wire in it, made contact with the set. There was a splutter, and a sudden brightening of one of the valves that quickly died down again.

Mr. Thornaby's hand jerked back from the electric point. He hovered, half off balance. His arms waved wildly. Then he bumped backwards. Gwen Thornaby jumped to her feet. "Dad! Are you all right?"

He picked himself up. "I'm all right," he said. "I only ——"

A cry from his wife cut into his words: "Edward! Miss Mimms ——" The prim little lady had slipped forward in her chair.

Thornaby moved quickly to her. "Get some water, Gwen. Ring for Gammon. She must have got a shock from the set."

Mrs. Thornaby pulled herself out of her chair. "Oh, dear," she fussed. "What a night! The doctor said she mustn't have any shocks—though I don't suppose he meant those kind of shocks," she rambled on. "What is it?"

Her husband let the hand that he had lifted fall back into its owner's lap. He gulped. "She's a goner," he said.

"Dead!"

They swung round. None of them had heard the butler enter.

"Dead," he repeated. Then: "I should have known—the Wailing Woman."

"What are you talking about, Gammon?" Mr. Thornaby frowned.

The old man drew himself up. "I am referring to the sign that the head of the family will die before midnight, Sir," he said.

Then his shoulders drooped forward again. He blinked as he looked at the rocking-chair. Then he said quietly: "It was my honour to serve Miss—er—Mimms, as she chose to call herself, for many years before financial reverses compelled her to take service with you as a companion. She *was* the head of the family here."

THE END.

The subject of our "puzzle portrait" on the opposite page is Miss Marlene Dietrich.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

ELAINE CUNNINGHAM and MONICA BELL, for being Big Noises at the B.B.C.

Two of the B.B.C. Effects Girls in front of the microphone with a soda-siphon—a rare refreshing noise nowadays since the Budget!

Monica Bell grasps the telephone bell-board worked by press-button in left hand, while Elaine Cunningham holds the instrument.

This is the ratchet for making machine-noise effects.

Elaine has a megaphone to give the effect of amplified voice, and Monica has a hand-bell.

Sharp strokes of the cane on a leather-covered seat make a revolver-shot sound, and the thump of a falling body is produced by dropping a sandbag on the floor.

Coconut-shells indicate galloping horses, and bells sound for jangling harness. Both girls have urgent eyes on the script.

PERHAPS the most unusual among many new jobs for girls in this war is that of Effects Girl in a broadcasting studio. The B.B.C. has fifteen of these whom they have trained to replace men called up. Ages range from eighteen to twenty-five, and apart from a knowledge of music and the drama, they must be quick-witted and adaptable, for they have often to improvise sound-effects on the spot when it is impossible to get them from gramophone records. The tramp of marching feet is made by gravel shaken in a cardboard box while the girl marches up and down the studio. The sizzling of bacon is produced by screwing up tissue paper and rolling it between the palms of the hands. The trainer of these girls says that some of the noises which would appear to be easiest are the most difficult.

The block and tackle are used for board-ship sequences.

PEACEFUL PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"CELIA'S AUNTS"; *by* STEVEN SPURRIER.

"HOLIDAY BREAKFAST"; *by* STEVEN SPURRIER.

"WAITING IN THE CAR"; *by* FRANCIS DODD, R.A.

THE third war-time Royal Academy is, on the whole, escapist in tone, for the war-time subjects are outnumbered by works with a definitely peaceful atmosphere. Steven Spurrier's art is well known to readers of our sister paper, "The Illustrated London News," and the humour and decorative quality of his two meal-time subject pictures is extremely appealing. Mr. Cowen's exhibit, "Fleet Street to King's Langley," recalls the evacuation period of Illustrated Newspapers, and shows how the editorial staff of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" worked in a conservatory when banished from London during the opening months of the war! Dame Laura Knight, R.A., shows six pictures. "Briony Cadbury," the portrait which we reproduce, is a charming child study, with a background of English scenery. Other notable works include Augustus John's portraits, one of the late Harry Melville in 18th-century costume, which has the alternative title of "The Mask"; and the other of the Viscount Caldecote, C.B.E.

"FLEET STREET TO KING'S LANGLEY"; *by* PYZER COWEN.

"BRIONY CADBURY"; *by* DAME LAURA KNIGHT, R.A.

FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES. COPYRIGHT RESERVED FOR ARTISTS OR OWNERS BY "THE ROYAL ACADEMY ILLUSTRATED."

CICELY COURTNEIDGE AND JACK HULBERT CHASE THE MISSING LETTER:

Jack Millett (JACK HULBERT) *and the beautiful Secret Service Agent, Carole Markoff* (NORA SWINBURNE), *who assists him.*

GABRIELLE BRUNE *as Sally, the dancer of the Café Rosa, Rio de Janeiro.*

Ankle-deep disguise! CICELY COURTNEIDGE *as a dowdy typist in Dr. Carlos's consulting-room.*

Dr. Patmore (FRED KITCHEN, JR.) *and Dr. Carlos, the enemy agent* (KENETH KENT).

THE FULL SWING CHORUS *in a South American Spanish number in the scene set on the stage of the Estoril Theatre*

The Letter Ballet, with CATHERINE SHEPPARD *as the Postgirl, bearing the secret document, and* GOLA JAMES.

THE Secret Service supplied the Hulberts with the subject for some delightful fooling in "Under Your Hat"; and "hush-hushery" is again the basis for the fun and frolic of their new show, "FULL SWING," at the Palace. A document has accidentally been posted, and has got into the wrong hands. Jack Millett (JACK HULBERT), assisted by a highly glamorous British agent, Carole Markoff (NORA SWINBURNE), is out to get it back; but

PHOTOGRAPHS

"FULL SWING" SECRET SERVICE FUN AND FOOLERY AT THE PALACE.

he attempt to recover the dossier: Kay tries to vamp Sebastian (GEORGE DE WARFAZ).

Kay (CICELY COURTNEIDGE), Dr. Carlos (KENETH KENT), Jack (JACK HULBERT), and Carole (NORA SWINBURNE) in Sebastian's suite at the Hotel de Rio.

HERMIONE MOIR as the Postgirl, with the secret document which has been posted by mistake.

CICELY COURTNEIDGE and JACK HULBERT as Kay and Jack disguised as the arty Mrs. Patmore and Dr. Patmore.

ay Porter, his wife (CICELY COURTNEIDGE), does not see why Secret Service should make it necessary for her husband to see so much of such a lovely oung woman. During the hunt for the document, which takes place in London and South America, in hotels, on the stage of the Estoril Theatre, Rio e Janeiro, and in a doctor's consulting-room, the Hulberts indulge in many gloriously absurd masquerades.

r ROYE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

IN forty pages or less Miss Elizabeth Bowen surveys the whole range of English fiction from Euphues to Virginia Woolf. It is a memorable performance, a masterpiece of leisurely yet alert condensation, comparable to Lord David Cecil's study of the English Poets in the same series. Her net, however, has a wider mesh than his. Several well-known names slip through it: Borrow (who, I suppose, can be reckoned a novelist), Charles Reade, Shorthouse, Beckford—writers who belong to no school, inherit or bequeath no tendency, and are remembered for at most two or three books. In a sense, of course, every considerable novelist is *sui generis*, a lonely voice. Loneliest of all, perhaps, is Emily Brontë.

"Wuthering Heights" [says Miss Bowen] is a book of fire and ice . . . (it) bears no definite feminine stamp—though perhaps only a woman could have liberated her spirit so completely.

This is a very penetrating observation, and there is scarcely a novelist whose peculiar quality is not suddenly isolated and illuminated by the clear ray of Miss Bowen's critical insight. Her judgments are warm, not cold, with truth. Her wit lies as much in what she says as in the way she says it. When she writes of Mrs. Gaskell, "Unlike Dickens, she never overpainted; truth seemed to her good, and bad, enough," or of Galsworthy, "He attacks privilege, but in a privileged way . . . one would not be so aware of his limitations had he not attempted to do so much," we hardly notice that she has made an epigram—nor does she. She does not score off her subject, she lets it score for her, and the choice of quotation, in a book where so much is quotable, becomes bewilderingly difficult. I particularly liked her reference to Virginia Woolf: "they [the characters] seem to stand still, amazed, while experience ripples past." And her criticism of Meredith: "He had a philosophy, as opposed to a general theory of right and wrong . . . His novels are, in a sense, too like operas." Jane Austen, about whom one might have thought that everything that could be said had been said, provides Miss Bowen with one of her most pregnant pages.

The constraints of polite behaviour serve only to store up her characters' energies; she dispels, except for the very stupid, the fallacy that life with the lid off—in thieves' kitchens, prisons, taverns and brothels—is necessarily more interesting than life with the lid on.

The Criterion. One could go on piling up instances of Miss Bowen's tireless faculty of discrimination, and of her power of expressing it not only by direct statement and specific comparison, but by tone of voice and indirect reference to a standard that is implied rather than expressed.

While I shall hope to be fair [she says at the outset], I cannot avoid the influence of my own taste. I read for pleasure, and it must be remembered that I write as a pleasure-seeker and not a judge.

To give pleasure is one reason for the existence of a work of art, and the best touchstone of its success; but the question immediately arises—pleasure to whom? I think that few will be inclined to deny merit to a novel that gives pleasure to Miss Bowen, whose own books have given so much pleasure to discerning readers.

Other Aspects of the Novel. Apart from its function of giving pleasure, art is an end in itself, as far as any activity of the human mind can be. But it has its history, its sociological and national aspects and its importance as an indication of the progress, or regress, of civilised life. Miss Bowen's treatment of these is as satisfying as it is brief: "The relation of man to society is an integral part of the concept of any novel." Not until the eighteenth century, when society crystallised, and the idea of "the public" came into being, was England ripe for the novel as we know it. "The public sprang to meet 'Pamela,' published in 1740." "Joseph Andrews," Fielding's parody of "Pamela," appeared two years later. In the work of Richardson and Fielding, both innovators, "all later English novels are present in embryo." Certainly the sense of the one, and the sensibility of the other, are strains that appear in most English novels. But neither anticipated that dissatisfaction with the human lot, and, more specifically, with the structure of society, and the desire to escape or remould it, which, beginning with nineteenth-century romanticism, was gradually to shake the foundations of fiction until the novelist of to-day, picking his way among the ruins, has difficulty in finding a backcloth, let alone a background, for his work. In most serious modern novels the author's idealism implies or expresses an adverse criticism of life. The Wessex Tales are a supreme example of this; Wells's romances of the future are another. Of the latter Miss Bowen writes:

It may be said that Wells's rationalised Utopias offer no place for the human soul—which, one takes it, will no longer exist. If so, in the future there will be no more great novels.

A warning note, indeed. But supposing the fault lay with the human soul, which, increasingly unable to live in harmony with its lot, deliberately willed its own annihilation?

Back to sea again goes H.M.S. ILLUSTRIOUS, *with American-built Martlet fighter 'planes on her deck. On the bridge is seen Rear-Admiral A. L. St. G. Lyster, C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., Fifth Sea Lord (Fleet Air Arm), with Captain Talbot, watching flying exercises. Admiral Lyster was visiting the aircraft-carrier in which he flew his flag when she was in action in the Mediterranean and suffered extensive damage from enemy dive-bombers. Illustrious has now been reconditioned in American and British dockyards.*

Two Centuries of Domestic Life. Mr. L. A. G. Strong's anthology, "Domestic English Life," makes an admirable companion volume to Miss Bowen's. Beginning with "Clarissa Harlowe," and going down to the novelists of to-day, Mr. Strong has detached from their context isolated scenes representative of some aspect of English domestic life during the last two hundred years. "Domestic" he defines as covering "any normal happening in or relating to home life." Most of the scenes, then, are conversation pieces painted indoors; and one thing is immediately apparent: the novelists of to-day are much more conscious of their surroundings than were their remote predecessors. Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, Smollett were relatively unconcerned with creating an atmosphere: in their interiors, domestic or otherwise (in Fielding's case it is a theatre), inanimate objects seldom receive a mention for their own sakes; they serve a useful, not a decorative purpose. Maria Edgeworth wrote a story round a purple jar (it is referred to, though not given *in extenso* in this collection), but she treated it as a symbol, the means of inculcating a moral lesson; Rosamund would not have noticed it, we may be sure, had it merely been part of the furniture of the street. Painters have always been particular about the details of their settings. When, one wonders, did novelists become so? Jane Austen was not; in the extract from "Sense and Sensibility" quoted by Mr. Strong practically the whole scene is done in dialogue; there is almost no reference to any visible object, yet we are not aware that our visual sense is being neglected. Even Dickens, who perhaps more than any novelist delighted in inanimate objects, generally uses them as vehicles for flights of fancy; he seldom alludes to them, in the manner of one taking an inventory, just because they happen to be there.

The Old and the New. This is one difference between the old and the new. Another, noted by Miss Bowen, is connected with it. "The English novel gains in self-consciousness—it may have lost some of its old spontaneity." Galsworthy is not at all an unspontaneous writer, but the dinner-party in "The Man of Property" does not go with the swing of the dinner-party in "Handley Cross." Not perhaps that one would wish it to; but spirits as high as those of Surtees, if they belonged to a novelist of to-day, would have to be expressed in farce or fantasy: they could not feed on the stuff of life itself, as Surtees did. And the scene between mother and daughter in "Clarissa Harlowe," painful as it is and acute as are the emotions aroused, has none of the quiet hopelessness and sense of defeat we find in the somewhat parallel passage from Miss Delafield's "Thank Heaven Fasting."

The gloom that has gathered with the passing of the centuries would, I think, be more noticeable but for the "undeviating optimism" which (Mr. Strong admits) has influenced his choice. Though the separate items are a little teasing to read consecutively, this is an enchanting collection.

A Love-Adept. To Mara, Lady Trouncer's heroine, the war of 1870 was but an episode that first kept apart, and then brought together, a husband and his wife. Love was Mara's whole existence; but heavenly love meant more than mortal love.

Country bred, and married in her teens to a much older man, whose disillusioning experiences had left him almost an unbeliever, she was too naïve to see that her piety, continually practised and expressed in word as well as deed, irritated and brought out the bully in him. They quarrelled and were in danger of losing each other, when Mara's sophisticated aunt took her in hand and suggested she should be schooled in the art of love: callow demonstrations like hers would never hold a man like Vincent. An instructor at once presented himself—her neighbour, the Spaniard Juan—and under his auspices, and in Vincent's absence, her education went ahead.

The plot of "Why So Pale?" is improbable and, regarded in outline, slightly distasteful. From the moral and religious standpoint it is redeemed, I suppose, by Mara's technical fidelity to her husband: in her affair with Juan there was neither sin nor shame. But this in itself is unlikely, and her infidelity, in every other respect, could hardly be more complete.

The idea is that Juan's paganism taught her the meaning of love, and her piety taught him the meaning of religion—a reciprocal arrangement too neat, one would have thought, to work in ordinary life. And what is to happen to Juan when his mission, and hers, are finished? Lady Trouncer cuts this Gordian knot.

But in spite of its improbable theme there is much that is fresh and unusual and delightful in this evocation of French life seventy years ago: charming descriptions of the almost feudal arrangements in the estate and château in Touraine; pretty glimpses of the Empress Eugénie and her Court, and a stern but by no means depressing picture of Paris in the siege. And if sacred and profane love are placed in a relationship that may startle an austere taste, we do not feel that the author's presentation of either is insincere.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

English Novelists. By Elizabeth Bowen. (Britain in Pictures Series.) (*Collins; 4s. 6d.*)

English Domestic Life During the Last 200 Years. An Anthology selected by L. A. G. Strong. (*Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.*)

Why So Pale? By Margaret Trouncer. (*Cassell; 7s. 6d.*)

FEATURING THE COMMANDOS: "THE DAY WILL DAWN."

Colin (HUGH WILLIAMS), *a prisoner aboard a German ship, hears over the wireless that Norway has fallen. The Nazi captain* (GEORGE MERRITT) *listens with joy.*

Karin (DEBORAH KERR) *has tapped a message, in code, and been overheard. Wettau, the Nazi Consul* (FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN), *suspects her of British sympathies.*

The Commandos are coming, hurrah, hurrah! A vivid representation of a British raid in Norway. The village is occupied, and the hostages saved from death.

"THE DAY WILL DAWN," new Paul Soskin production directed by Harold French, is due on Friday, May 8, at the Leicester Square Theatre. It's an exciting war picture, dealing with espionage and secret service during the Norwegian campaign. Colin Metcalfe, the hero, has thrilling adventures, and is assisted in his anti-Nazi activities by the Norwegian girl Karin. He is able to guide the British bombers to an important U-boat lair, and there is a thrilling climax when the Norwegian hostages are saved at the last moment by the arrival of a raiding party of British Commandos.

DEBORAH KERR *as Karin, the Norwegian girl who works valiantly for the British.*

The war scenes of "The Day Will Dawn" are presented with the greatest realism. This sequence shows a sharp engagement in progress during the Norwegian war.

The Nazi Consul Wettau has been killed, and British Commandos force their way into a house to find Gunter, the Quisling Police Inspector (GRIFFITH JONES), *dying from a bullet wound.*

NORMA SHEARER'S NEW PICTURE, "WE WERE DANCING."

"WE WERE DANCING," Norma Shearer's new picture, due at the Empire on Friday next, May 8, is a gay escapist film partly based on one of the short plays by Noel Coward, produced in his "To-night at 8.30" programme. Vicki and Nicki are a playgirl and playboy accustomed to avoid working for their living by exercising their charm and spending their days as professional house-party guests of the rich. They fall in love and marry, deciding to become workers instead of lotus-eaters, but indulge in one last luxurious house-party. This leads to disaster, as Nicki takes up with an old flame, and Vicki divorces him, and decides to make a thrifty marriage with rich Hubert Tyler. But Nicki turns up again as assistant decorator for her new home, their love-affair begins anew, and they elope for the second time to have another try at married life.

Nicki and Vicki's connubial tiffs and jealousy: MELVYN DOUGLAS *and* NORMA SHEARER *in a quarrel scene.*

The young couple who have to live on their charm, as they dislike having to work: Nicki and Vicki fall in love.

Professional house-party guests revelling in the luxury of someone else's rich home: Vicki and Nicki.

Vicki decides to marry her rich admirer, Hubert Tyler (LEE BOWMAN), *after her marriage to Nicki has gone wrong.*

The other woman: Nicki with the fascinating Linda Wayne (GAIL PATRICK), *one of his old flames.*

Vicki with her wealthy friends, Major Tyler-Blane (REGINALD OWEN) *and Mrs. Tyler-Blane* (HEATHER THATCHER).

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WOMEN IN WARTIME

SAVE OUTDOOR FROCKS
MANY - PURPOSE DRESSES
CAMEL AND WOOL COATS.

A NEW slogan has come to the fore and that is: "Save your Outdoor Frocks"—by wearing a hostess frock or wrapper. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, are making a feature of wrappers at pleasantly moderate prices. One is portrayed above and is of a light-wool material. As will be seen, it buttons down the front and is trimmed with a contrasting colour. Furthermore, there are chenille dressing-gowns, for 60s., which have becoming yokes and sleeves. There is much to be said in favour of artificial spun-silk wrappers.

THERE is really nothing more practical than a camel-hair and wool coat. The model portrayed on the left of this page comes from Jaeger's, Regent Street. It is half-lined: its deep armholes and wide sleeves make it very comfortable for wearing over a cardigan suit or warm frock. Other important features are the wide revers, patch pocket set on the slant on the right hip, and the belt finished with a leather pocket. There is a large assortment of other wrap coats, trimmed with fur, many having been designed for the motorist.

ALL the world over, men as well as women are practising economy, realising that utility and charm may be achieved. A graceful, double-purpose frock may be seen above; it comes from Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly. In its present form it is a relaxation dress. With a short skirt it will do duty for informal out-of-door functions. The blouse can be changed from time to time. Furthermore, packing has no deleterious effect on it. The entire scheme may be carried out in an infinite variety of materials. A feature is also made of summer frocks which, robbed of all complicated fastenings, may be slipped on in a fraction of a second.

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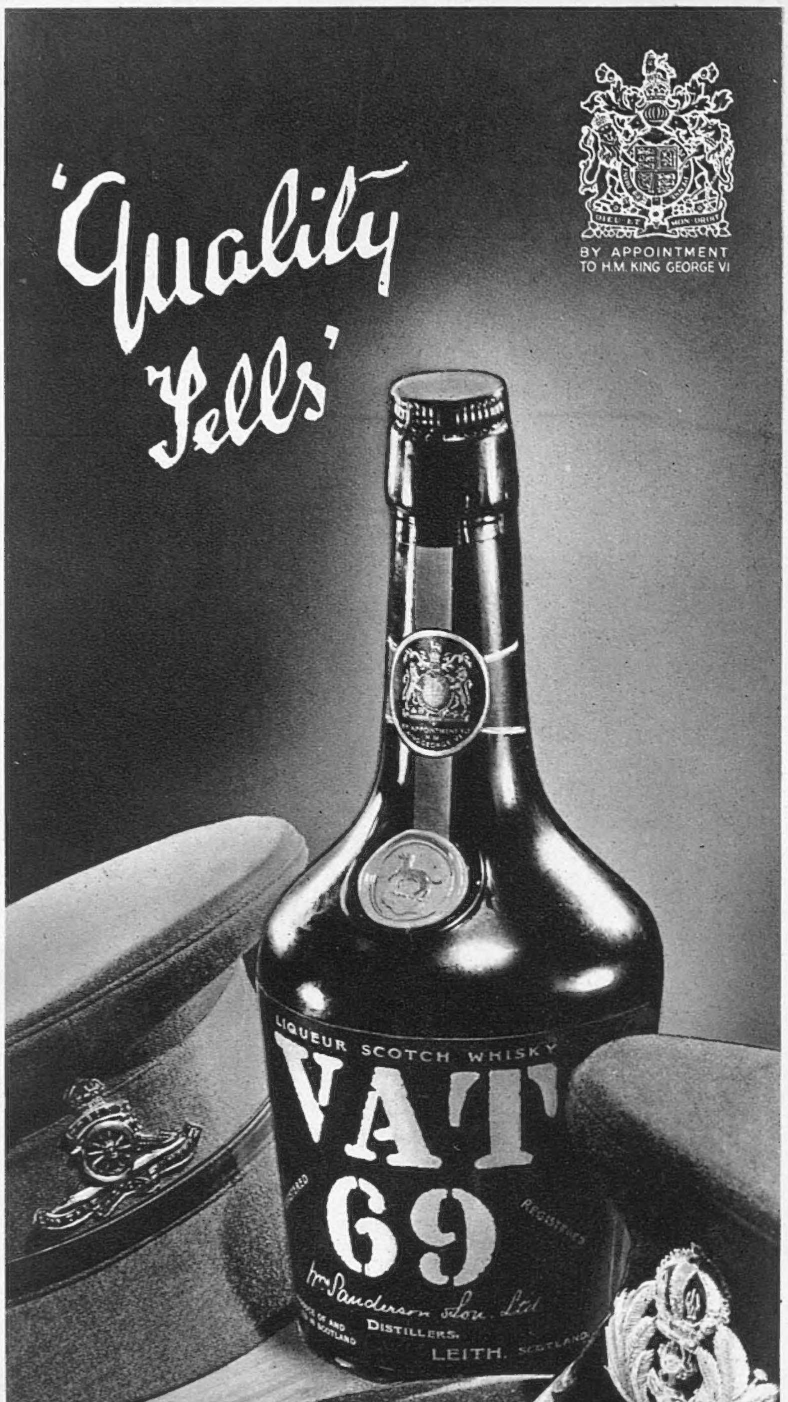

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